THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. IX MAY, 1924 NO. 5

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MAY

By Ivy Houtz Woolley

Dreams, sweet iridescent dreams
With colors woven through,
And snowy pearls stitched here and there
Upon a sky of blue;
The sunset paints a picture rare,
In every nook and space,
The clouds are rosy tissues sheer
Piled high with golden lace.

The quivering heat waves swimming by
Reveal the blue scarf of the sky.
A young thrush sounds his golden notes
Then lightly into ether floats.
Sweet pink-lipped apple blossoms breathe
Their perfume, and the branches wreathe
With tender buds and waxen bloom;
Gay butterflies burst from their tomb
And dance their full gay lives away
Around the loveliness of May.

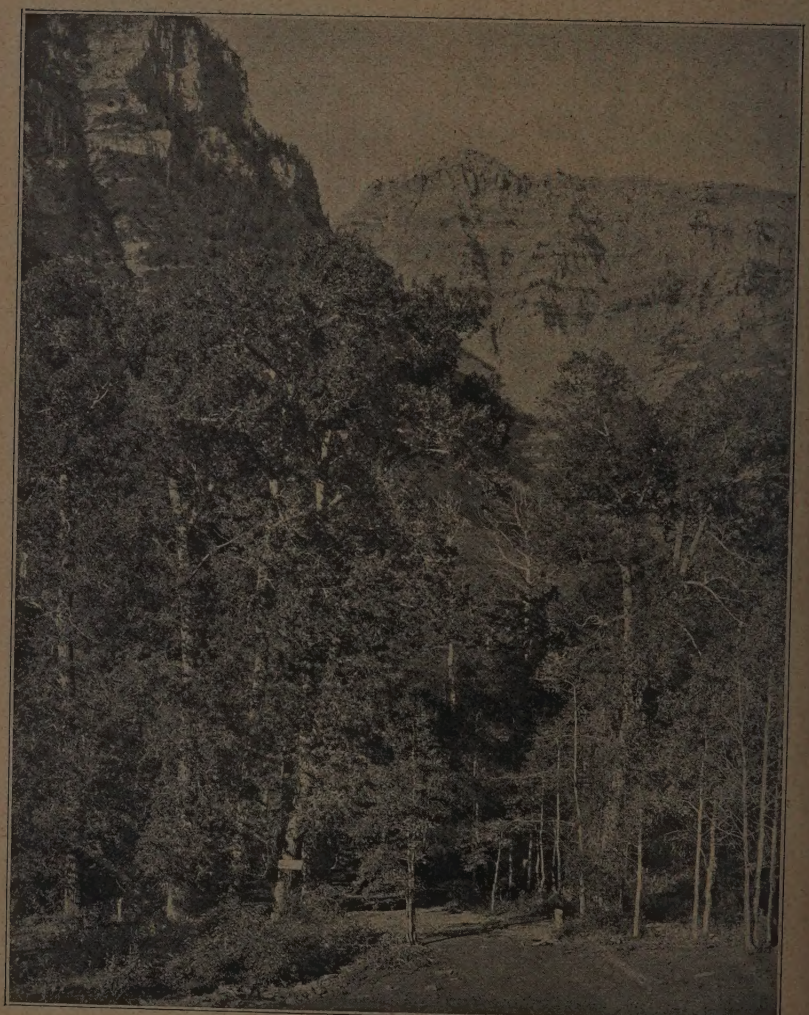

Photo by Walter Cottam

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL, ASPEN GROVE

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XI MAY, 1924 No. 5

The Essence of a Tear

By Dr. George W. Middleton

A chemist sat in his spacious shop
While the multitude passed his door;
In the pride of his heart he followed his art
And thrived on the chemist's lore.

He had tested, by means of his spectroscope,
The essence of stars and sun,
And proved that the earth from her nebulous birth
And the universe are one.

The tiniest bit of a phial was brought
Containing a mother's tear,—
The quintescent part of a mother's heart
Distilled in a liquid sphere.

Great sage, who has reached by analysis
The depths of the Milky Way,
Since you are so wise, please analyze
This precious drop, I pray.

So much water, and so much salt,
For tears are all made of brine;
Some indican blue, of an infinite hue,—
The simples were linked in line.

This is the record which science gave
Of the essence of a tear;
Just cold and concise, like an invoice of ice,
As it fell on the listening ear.

But it failed to discover the breaking heart
Which was back of that gushing tear,
Or to touch on the cause of the infinite laws
Which determine our destiny here.

For a brave, fair boy, in the bloom of youth,
With a blush on his manly face,
Where a mother's kiss, in an hour of bliss,
Had left its lingering trace,

Went forth to the front with the Stars and Stripes,
When his country made its call;
In the maddening roar of the battle's fore,
He was one of the first to fall.

All draped in the folds of his own loved flag,
With taps at the close of day,
In his place in the row where the poppies blow
They laid him in sadness away.

And a mother's heart went into that grave,
And a mother pays the cost,
In oceans of tears through the infinite years,
For each boy that our wars have lost.

But science is dead to these things of the soul,
Their dicta lie not in her course;
She knows but dimension and modes of extension,
And blind application of force.

The heart when it speaks knows no limiting bounds,
But goes back of the tear to its cause,
In the white heat of passion discovers the fashion
Of Nature's great infinite laws.

Dissolved in this tear was a patriot's faith,
And a mother's heart in a storm,
But worldly men with the chemist's ken
Saw only the outward form.

But the inward eye saw God enthroned
In this miniature world of a tear,
For all things of worth, both in heaven and earth,
Are brought to focus here.

How my Mother got her Soft Face

J. M. Barrie

On the day I was born we bought six hair-bottomed chairs, and in our little house it was an event, the first great victory in a woman's long campaign; how they had been labored for, the pound-note and the thirty three-penny bits they cost, what anxiety there was about the purchase, the show they made in possession of the west room, my father's unnatural coolness when he brought them in (but his face was white)—I so often heard the tale afterwards, and shared as boy and man in so many similar triumphs, that the coming of the chairs seems to be something I remember, as if I had jumped out of bed on that first day, and run ben to see how they looked. I am sure my mother's feet were ettling to be ben long before they could be trusted, and that the moment after she was left alone with me she was discovered barefooted in the west room, doctoring a scar (which she had been the first to detect) on one of the chairs, or sitting on them regally or withdrawing and re-opening the door suddenly to take the six by surprise. And then, I think, a shawl was flung over her (it is strange to me to think it was not I who ran after her with the shawl), and she was escorted sternly back to bed and reminded that she had promised not to budge, to which her reply was probably that she had been gone but an instant, and the implication that therefore she had not been gone at all. Thus was one little bit of her revealed to me at once: I wonder if I took note of it. Neighbors came in to see the boy and the chairs. I wonder if she deceived me when she affected to think that there were others like us, or whether I saw through her from the first; she was so easily seen through. When she seemed to agree with them that it would be impossible to give me a college education, was I so easily taken in, or did I know already what ambitions burned behind that dear face? When they spoke of the chairs as the goal quickly reached, was I such a newcomer that her timid lips must say, "They are but a beginning", before I heard the words? And when we were left together, did I laugh at the great things that were in her mind, or had she to whisper them to me first, and then did I put my arm round her and tell her that I would help? Thus it was for such a long time: it is strange to me to feel that it was not so from the beginning.

It is all guess-work for six years, and she whom I see in them is the woman who came suddenly into view when they were at an end. Her timid lips I have said, but they were not timid

THE MOTHER OF JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, FAMOUS BRITISH AUTHOR

then, and when I knew her the timid lips had come. The soft face—they say the face was not so soft then. The shawl that was flung over her—we had not begun to hunt her with a shawl, nor to make our bodies a screen between her and the draughts, nor to creep into her room a score of times in the night to stand looking at her as she slept. We did not see her becoming little then, nor sharply turn our heads when she said wonderingly how small her arms had grown. In her happiest moments—and never was a happier woman—her mouth did not of a sudden begin to twitch, and tears to lie on the mute blue eyes in which I have read all I know and would ever care to write. For when you looked into my mother's eyes you knew, as if He had told you, why God sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And that is the beginning and end of literature. Those eyes that I could not see until I was six years old have guided me through life, and I pray God they may remain my only earthly judge to the last. They were never more my guide than when I helped to put her to earth, not whimpering because my mother had been taken away after seventy-six glorious years of life, but exulting in her even at the grave.

She had a son who was far away at school. I remember very little about him, only that he was a merry-faced boy who ran like a squirrel up a tree and shook the cherries into my lap. When he was thirteen and I was half his age the terrible news came, and I have been told the face of my mother was awful in its calmness as she set off to get between Death and her boy. We trooped with her down the brae to the wooden station, and I think I was envying her the journey in the mysterious wagons; I know we played around her, proud of our right to be there, but I do not recall it, I only speak from hearsay. Her ticket was taken, she had bidden us goodbye with that fighting face which I cannot see, and then my father came out of the telegraph-office and said huskily, "He's gone!" Then we turned very quietly and went home again up the little brae. But I speak from hearsay no longer; I knew my mother forever now.

That is how she got her soft face and her pathetic ways and her large charity, and why other mothers ran to her when they had lost a child. "Dinna greet, poor Janet," she would say to them, and they would answer, "Ah, Margaret, but you're greeting yoursel'." Margaret Ogilvy had been her maiden name, and after the Scotch custom she was still Margaret Ogilvy to her old friends. Margaret Ogilvy I loved to name her. Often when I was a boy, "Margaret Ogilvy, are you there?" I would call up the stair.

She was always delicate from that hour, and for many months she was very ill. I have heard that the first thing she

expressed a wish to see was the christening robe, and she looked long at it and then turned her face to the wall. That was what made me as a boy think of it always as the robe in which he was christened, but I knew later that we had all been christened in it, from the oldest of the family to the youngest, between whom stood twenty years. Hundreds of other children were christened in it also, such robes being then a rare possession, and the lending of ours among my mother's glories. It was carried carefully from house to house, as if it were itself a child; my mother made much of it, smoothed it out, petted it, smiled to it before putting it into the arms of those to whom it was being lent; she was in our pew to see it borne magnificently (something inside it now) down the aisle to the pulpit side, when a stir of expectancy went through the church and we kicked each other's feet beneath the bookboard but were reverent in the face; and however the child might behave, laughing brazenly or skirling to its mother's shame, and whatever the father as he held it up might do, look doited probably and bow at the wrong time, the christening robe of long experience helped them through. And when it was brought back to her she took it in her arms as softly as if it might be asleep, and unconsciously pressed it to her breast: there was never anything in the house that spoke to her quite so eloquently as that little white robe; it was the one of her children that always remained a baby. And she had not made it herself, which was the most wonderful thing about it to me, for she seemed to have made all other things. All the clothes in the house were of her making, and you don't know her in the least if you think they were out of the fashion; she turned them and made them new again, she beat them and made them new again, and then she coaxed them into being new again just for the last time, she let them out and took them in and put on new braid, and added a piece up the back, and thus they passed from one member of the family to another until they reached the youngest, and even when we were done with them they reappeared as something else. In the fashion! I must come back to this. Never was a woman such an eye for it. She had no fashion-plates; she did not need them. The minister's wife (a cloak), the banker's daughters (the new skeeve)—they had but to pass our window once, and the scalp, so to speak, was in my mother's hands. Observe her rushing, scissors in hand, thread in mouth, to the drawers where her daughters' Sabbath clothes were kept. Or go to church next Sunday, and watch a certain family filing in, the boy lifting his legs high to show off his new boots, but all the others demure, especially the timid, unobservant looking little woman in the rear of them. If you were the minister's wife that day or the banker's daughters you would have got a shock. But she bought the

christening robe, and when I used to ask why, she would beam and look conscious, and say she wanted to be extravagant once. And she told me, still smiling, that the more a woman was given to stitching and making things for herself, the greater was her passionate desire now and again to rush to the shops and "be foolish." The christening robe with its pathetic frills is over half a century old now, and has begun to droop a little, like a daisy whose time is past, but it is as fondly kept together as ever; I saw it in use again only the other day.

My mother lay in bed with the christening robe beside her, and I peeped in many times at the door and then went to the stair and sat on it and sobbed. I know not if it was that first day, or many days afterwards, that there came to me my sister, the daughter my mother loved the best, yes, more I am sure even than she loved me, whose great glory she has been since I was six years old. This sister, who was then passing out of her teens, came to me with a very anxious face and wringing her hands, and she told me to go ben to my mother and say to her that she still had another boy. I went ben excitedly, but the room was dark, and when I heard the door shut and no sound come from the bed I was afraid, and I stood still. I suppose I was breathing hard, or perhaps I was crying, for after a time I heard a listless voice that had never been listless before say, "Is that you?" I think the tone hurt me, for I made no answer, and then the voice said more anxiously, "Is that you?" again. I thought it was the dead boy she was speaking to, and I said in a little lonely voice, "No, it's not him, it's just me." Then I heard a cry, and my mother turned in bed, and though it was dark I knew that she was holding out her arms.

After that I sat a great deal in her bed trying to make her forget him, which was my crafty way of playing physician, and if I saw any one out of doors do something that made the others laugh I immediately hastened to that dark room and did it before her. I suppose I was an odd little figure; I have been told that my anxiety to brighten her gave my face a strained look and put a tremor into the joke (I would stand on my head in the bed, my feet against the wall, and then cry excitedly, "Are you laughing, mother?")—and perhaps what made her laugh was something I was unconscious of, but she did laugh suddenly now and then, whereupon I screamed exultantly to that dear sister, who was ever in waiting, to come and see the sight, but by the time she came the soft face was wet again. Thus I was deprived of some of my glory, and I remember once only making her laugh before witnesses. I kept a record of her laughs on a piece of paper, a stroke for each, and it was my custom to show this proudly to the doctor every morning. There were five strokes

the first time I slipped it into his hand, and when their meaning was explained to him, he laughed so boisterously that I cried, "I wish that was one of hers!" Then he was sympathetic, and asked me if my mother had seen the paper yet, and when I shook my head he said that if I showed it to her now and told her that these were her five laughs he thought I might win another. I had less confidence, but he was the mysterious man whom you ran for in the dead of night (you flung sand at his window to waken him, and if it was only toothache he extracted the tooth through the open window, but when it was something sterner he was with you in the dark square at once, like a man who slept in his topcoat), so I did as he bade me, and not only did she laugh then but again when I put the laugh down, so that though it was really one laugh with a tear in the middle I counted it as two.

It was doubtless that same sister who told me not to sulk when my mother lay thinking of him, but to try instead to get her to talk about him. I did not see how this could make her the merry mother she used to be, but I was told that if I could not do it nobody could, and this made me eager to begin. At first, they say, I was often jealous, stopping her fond memories with the cry, "Do you mind nothing about me?" but that did not last; its place was taken by an intense desire (again, I think, my sister must have breathed it into life) to become so like him that even my mother should not see the difference, and many and artful were the questions I put to that end. Then I practiced in secret, but after a whole week had passed I was still rather like myself. He had such a cheery way of whistling, she had told me, it had always brightened her at her work to hear him whistling, and when he whistled he stood with his legs apart, and his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers. I decided to trust to this, so one day after I had learned his whistle (every boy of enterprise invents a whistle of his own) from the boys who had been his comrades, I secretly put on a suit of his clothes, dark grey they were, with little spots, and they fitted me many years afterwards, and thus disguised I slipped, unknown to the others, into my mother's room. Quaking, I doubt not, yet so pleased, I stood still until she saw me, and then—how it must have hurt her! "Listen!" I cried in a glow of triumph, and I stretched my legs apart and plunged my hands into the pockets of my knickerbockers, and began to whistle.

She lived twenty-nine years after his death—such active years, until toward the end, that you never knew where she was unless you took hold of her—and though she was frail henceforth and ever growing frailer, her housekeeping again became famous, so that brides called as a matter of course to watch her ca'ming and sanding and stitching: there are old people still, one or two,

to tell with wonder in their eyes how she could bake twenty-four bannocks in the hour, and not a chip in one of them. And how many she gave away, how much she gave away of all she had, and what pretty ways she had of giving it! Her face beamed and rippled with mirth as before, and her laugh, that I had tried so hard to force, came running home again. I have heard no such laugh as hers save from merry children; the laughter of most of us ages, and wears out with the body, but hers remained gleeful to the last, as if it were born afresh every morning. There was always something of the child in her, and her laugh was its voice, as eloquent of the past to me as was the christening robe to her. But I had not made her forget the bit of her that was dead; in those nine and twenty years he was not removed one day farther from her. Many a time she fell asleep speaking to him, and even while she slept her lips moved and she smiled as if he had come back to her, and when she woke he might vanish so suddenly that she started up bewildered and looked about her, and then said slowly, "My David's dead!" or perhaps he remained long enough to whisper why he must leave her now, and then she lay silent with filmy eyes. When I became a man and he was still a boy of thirteen, I wrote a little paper called "Dead this Twenty Years," which was about a similar tragedy in another woman's life, and it is the only thing I have written that she never spoke about, not even to that daughter she loved the best. No one ever spoke of it to her, or asked her if she had read it: one does not ask a mother if she knows that there is a little coffin in the house. She read many times the book in which it is printed, but when she came to that chapter she would put her hands to her heart or even over her ears.

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah
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Mothers

A year ago in the Mother's edition of the *Magazine*, we talked of the Pioneer mother, of the Little Girl mother of France, and of the Modern Mother. This year we are going to speak of a group of women who have longed for motherhood, but whose hopes are, as yet, unfulfilled. We shall include in this editorial a poem written by a young woman whose husband was taken from her, through death, only a few weeks after their marriage. We are personally acquainted with her and know that she reveres her husband's memory, and holds him always in her heart of hearts. Nothing that we can say will tell the story of her disappointment as vividly as she tells it herself in her poem called *My Dream Baby*, which we include as part of this editorial:

O little babe, dream-baby of my heart,
I've loved you, little one, so long.
I saw you first when joy reigned in my soul;
My husband-boy and I in fondest love
Were planning for the future that should be,
When, on a rosy ray from out our dreams,
We saw you, babe, and claimed you for our own.
But scarce the dream appeared till all was gone,
And in the cruel loss you were forgot.
Alone in anguish, all alone and crushed—
I could not see you then, nor light, nor hope,

So months passed by unsunned by love or smile,
And then one night I saw you in my dream.
I knew you, baby, with your hair like gold,
I knew your dear blue eyes so like my Love's,
And in the lonely night, I held you close
And felt your baby fingers on my cheek.

I woke. You were not there—but, little babe,
I see you yet and love you, want you near.
I am a wife, though all alone I wait,
And in my breast there beats a mother-heart,
And you, fair smiling one, are my dream-baby;
You yet will be my own, somewhere, sometime.

—*Bertha Roberts.*

The Bereft at Castle Gate

Since our last issue, a terrible catastrophe has overtaken the State of Utah depriving mothers of sons, wives of husbands, and children of fathers and brothers. We deeply sympathize with those who are bereft and trust that the time is not far distant when such accidents will be made impossible.

For those who have passed, unstinted gratitude; they are the heroes of the humble walks of life, the men who daily and hourly risk their lives that you and I may live in comfort, protected from cold and with ample provision for cooking our food. No one can ever go into a coal mine without being stirred with a feeling of gratitude for these men, who, cut off from sunlight, give their work and their lives for the comfort of others.

Of their sacrifice it is not possible to say enough, they have gone to that realm where a just God knows how to evaluate their service and how to reward them for all their labor.

We pray that the consoling influences of our heavenly Father's Spirit may give support to the bereft.

We submit the following poem from the pen of Lula Greene Richards, trusting that from it the bereaved will receive some measure of comfort:

TO HEARTS BEREFT

No flower so fair but it may fade and die—
No star so bright it may not sink to rest—
Nor gift so precious from the world on high
It cannot pass from those who love it best.
Look up, dear ones bereft—renew your trust,
Confess God's loving hand and comfort find—
Think of that heavenly Friend as true and just—
Too wise to err—too good to be unkind!

Think of the loved one taken from our sight,
Living forever where His glories shine—
Free from the storms of winter—gloom of night,
And say, "O Lord, thy will be done—not mine!"
Arise and help to conquer grief and sin
Making life's purpose better understood.
Unbar your souls and let love's sunshine in—
We cannot give without receiving good.

The joy of giving cheer to self imparts—
Pain is of earth, but peace is from above.
Find blessings for your own and other hearts,
In looks and words and deeds of Christ-like love.
Let us love more our dear ones who are left,
And prize more highly blessings of today,
And that loved one of whom we are bereft,
Will smile with us and seem not far away.

"A Mother was Born"

Alice Meynell, one of our very modern writers, whose poetry is often seen in collections of the new poetry, put forth a new idea when she intimated that at the birth of the first babe, not only is a child born, but a mother is born, and we add to her intimation that a father is born also. This, no doubt, is one reason why the birth of the first child seems so important in a family, and indeed it is important for it gives to the world not only a new infant, but a new father and a new mother, which is surely deeply significant.

Is She a Specialist?

This is a day of specialization, still there are some lines in which we hardly hoped for specialists. The following story gleaned from a mother, as I walked along the street with her, forces the question.

She was with her daughter Carol when I inadvertently remarked, that I thought Carol a very pretty name, to which her mother readily replied, "We gave her that name, because she was born on Christmas Day." As I manifested some interest in the remark, she continued by saying, "One of my children was born on Thanksgiving Day, and another on New Year's Day." The attending physician laughingly remarked, after the birth of the one on New Year's Day, "Mrs. D., we will give you one more chance for a baby on the 4th of July."

"I have not had a child born on the 4th or the 24th of July,"

she continued, "but I did have a child born on the 4th of March, which chanced to be the day of the inauguration of a President of the United States."

I do not pretend to answer the question myself. I put it up to you, is she a specialist?

A Busy Mother's Poem

By Hazel S. Washburn

I thought I'd write a poem, glorious and grand,
Something to thrill men's hearts and make them understand
And comprehend the lesson written there
Of love and life and death! our human share;
But all day long my feet on errands went,
Backward and forward, till the day was spent,
While I gave love, advice and reproof, mild
Always, in the service of a little child.

I thought I'd sing a song that all might hear,
And hearing, care and strife would disappear,
Leading ever upward toward the throne of love,
Teaching only mercy and the God above.
But oh, I bathed an aching head instead,
Bound up a bleeding finger, kissed a poor bumped head,
Settled disputes, and, as the eve drew nigh,
Tired, I only sung a lullaby.

But oh, I love each little towseled head,
I love to tuck each one at night in bed,
To hear each prayer, to cuddle and caress,
To guide their tiny feet in paths of righteousness.
Then, some day, when my birdies all have flown,
Leaving the home nest, and their mother all alone,
I may have time; as maybe it will be
I'll write my poems in eternity.

Efficient Motherhood a Vital Need

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Motherhood is not as yet a recognized profession, in spite of the fact that millions of women are devoting their lives to it. The reason is simple. To become what can be termed "professional," in any line of work, study is necessary. Too many women blunder into marriage knowing nothing or next to nothing about its great mission—motherhood. And the saddest part of it is they remain content to continue the would-be profession of motherhood in ignorance. Back door gossip, friendly hints, once in a while a bit of mature advice, have constituted their store of knowledge on this most vital of all subjects. No wonder motherhood cannot be classed as a profession.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred girls want to become mothers. From the age of six to sixty they are curious concerning the evolution of life. Yet they ask hesitatingly for information. If they are brave they ask their mothers; if not, they ask their friends. Sometimes they get hold of a magazine which enlightens them a bit. Sometimes they secure a book and secretly read of the mysteries of life. Seldom do they openly face the problem with a truthful knowledge that will set them free from fear. Many girls stand at the altar with love in their hearts and not a great deal in their heads about motherhood. They only know that motherhood is somehow connected with marriage. This is certainly far from a professional attitude; yet, once within the ranks of the world's mothers, they want recognition.

No girl would expect to succeed as a stenographer if she attempted to do stenographic work without a knowledge of typewriting and stenography. Nor would she attempt any other line of business in ignorance. Even the girl who wants a job as salesgirl, if she has any spunk, reads up on her would-be profession. Only this greatest of undertakings is too frequently begun with no definite knowledge. It is the peculiar few who shock their friends with the information that they are reading books on eugenics, etc.

"Learn from experience" seems to be the slogan of too many mothers and grandmothers. It is their advice to the younger generation. "O well, you'll learn," they say, smiling wisely, "just as we did." Yet the blame cannot all be placed on the shoulders of the passing generation. To the young girls of today must come the challenge, "Prepare yourselves." Books have proved the salvation of the world in its march toward progress, and there were never so many books as today. Nor is it

ever too late to begin to read. The mother of eight children can do well to get some information besides that acquired from experience. Her ninth child may be a genius, in which case her much used and time-worn methods of handling children will fail.

But again I say it is to the young girls, the brides-to-be- to whom reason must make its appeal. Suppose someone should bluntly ask, "Are you going to make your marriage a success?"

The blushing bride would probably answer, "I hope so."

But if that same person were to ask, "How?" what would be the reply? O, every girl has her little dream: a pretty home, well kept, herself attractive always, and good meals. Sometimes her mind wanders as far as children. She may resolve to do the best she can, but does she resolve to progress? For after all, that is the secret of the happy home, the successful mother.

A moment ago I mentioned books. There is little excuse for a girl who will not put forth the effort to obtain good reading material upon the subject of her chosen profession. If she fails, little sympathy is due her. There are libraries and schools each containing books of value. She need not be ashamed of her ignorance; librarians are for the most part intelligent and sympathetic beings, ready to recommend books for all needs. There are traveling libraries, friends libraries, book stores, all of which may contribute to individual needs and desires. Again, I say, there are so many books, that ignorance is a sin.

Perhaps the problem of guidance as to the selection of books should be considered. In every center of learning there are men and women well informed on books, ready to aid anyone who has the desire to learn. If you are not within walking distance of such a place, four cents will carry a letter asking for information and insuring a return. Besides teachers and librarians there are men and women such as doctors and nurses in every community who will be glad to put into the hands of those desiring to make themselves more efficient, either information or books to aid them. It should not be embarrassing to ask for the help that will make better mothers and thus raise the average of the child of the next generation.

So after all it is not the lack of information, nor guidance in selecting the information, nor difficulty in procuring information; it seems to be the desire to get books and the will to read them, that is lacking.

If girls could see their futures in a truer light than that revealed by gypsies and palmists, if they could realize how many of their mistakes are mere follies of ignorance, if they could sense the suffering avoidable through a little knowledge, then they might know the significance of the words—"The Glory of God is Intelligence."

If the young bride has not taken the time to prepare herself for home-making before her marriage, she can very easily read a few books each year of her married life which will make her work at home more interesting. It has been said, and said truly, that the most fascinating pursuit in the world is the pursuit of knowledge. This is especially so when the knowledge gained can be used toward personal success. Marriage becomes more than a routine of duties enlivened with a little pleasure, when it is vitalized by a desire to make it successful, and progresses with knowledge added continuously. One reason that there is so much discontent among wedded couples is the fact that they neglect to burn the lamp of enlightenment, preferring moonlight and glow-worms.

There are many interesting problems connected with home-making which are always in the process of change, and hence interesting to study. You may have your own little theory of love but Ellen Key can tell you something about it you don't know. You may think you are practical and know how to handle your husband's money, but Charlotte Perkins Gilman can help you. You may believe you understand children, but Gruenberg and Dr. Holt can tell you startling facts you should know. There is no end to the interesting help you can gain from modern available books.

Every mother should read these books or their equivalents:

Mother Croft Manual—Read.
Character Training in Childhood—Haviland.
Guidebook to Childhood—Forbush.
Your Child Today and Tomorrow—Gruenberg.
The Care and Feeding of Children—Holt.
Feeding the Family—Rose.

These books are all in the Public Library of Salt Lake City, and any book store manager will be glad to get them for prospective buyers. I am adding another library list that is splendid in aiding parents in their home problems:

Psychology and Parenthood—Bruce.
Training of the Human Plant—Burbank.
Child and Country—Comfort.
Problem of the Nervous Child—Evans.
Concerning Children—Gilman.
Century of the Child—Key.
Outlines of Child Study—McKeever.
Advanced Montessore Method—Montessore.
Parents and Their Problems—Eight Volumes.
How to Know Your Child—Scott.
Measurement of Intelligence—Terman.
From the Child's Standpoint—Winterburn.

Men Who Made Good—Fanris.
The Youth and the Nation—Moore.
My Boy and I—Herrick.
Building Your Boy—Wayne.
Finding Youth—Andrews.
The Boy Problem—Forbush.
Self Training for Mothers—Chance.
Parent and Child—Cope.
A Mother's Ideals—Proudfoot.
Trend of the Teens—O'Shea.
Sons and Daughters—Gruenberg.
The American Girl and Her Community—Slatterly.

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS TO MEET IN SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 23 TO 28

Madame Schumann-Heink, one of the world's best-known prima donnas and concert singers, will be present at the fourth annual national convention of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, to be held in Salt Lake City, June 23 to 28, and will sing at the opening session of the great conclave, Monday morning, June 23; according to telegraphic advices received here today by Commander Gaylen S. Young, chairman of the general convention committee, at its headquarters in the Hotel Utah, from National Commander James A. McFarland at Washington, D. C. The great singer met national officials of the D. A. V. of W. W. in New York City yesterday, and accepted their invitation to attend the coming national convention in Salt Lake City.

At the organization's national conclave in Minneapolis last year, Madame Schumann-Heink sang at the convention session and was accorded a tremendous reception by the assembled wounded and disabled vets. She has given much of her time to participation in benefit concerts for the disabled ex-service men, and during the world war took an active part in several benefits and projects assisting American war activities. Two of her sons were killed during the great war; one in the service of the American forces overseas, and another, born in Germany and a resident of that country all his life, met death in a German U-boat at the bottom of the North Sea.

At the Minneapolis national convention banquet last year, Mayor Col. George Leach of that city presided as toastmaster, and called upon the great diva for remarks. In a choking voice Madame Schumann-Heink expressed her grief over the death of her sons, fighting on opposite sides in the world conflict. Voicing her pride in the death of the one son fighting with the American forces, she added that she had no apologies to make for the son who met death while serving the enemy country.

Getting Ready for Cousin Alice

By Annie Pike Greenwood

"Come, Snapper, we're going." John threw the last big piece of sagebrush on top of the already loaded hay-rack. Jimmy came running with his arms full.

"Wait, Papa; here's some awful big sage-brush I picked up where someone had chopped it off."

John lifted Jimmy on to the hay-rack, sprang up himself, and with a "Come, Kate! Come, Nell!" was soon bumping through the sage-brush to the road.

John's thoughts were of his wife at home, as the hay-rack clattered along the road. For a year now she had been prostrated with head-aches that came on suddenly and left her weak and worn, and instead of getting better they were growing worse. He had told seventeen-year-old Doris that morning that if her mother did not get better by noon to send a neighbor's boy for Dr. Snow. John and Jimmy had been gone since morning, first to Hen Bailey's to help kill hogs, and then out in the sage-brush for the winter's kindling.

Jimmy was no help with the hogs, and very little with the sage-brush, but there was no boy of his age within three miles of John's farm, and he had begged so hard to come. Besides, John enjoyed the little fellow's companionship on the lonely road home.

John and Jimmy sang together all the songs that either of them knew from "Tipperary" to "Kkk-katy." They chanted together,

"I went to the animal show,
The birds and the beasts were there,
And the big baboon
By the light of the moon
Was combing his auburn hair.

"Oh, the monkey he got drunk
And sat on the elephant's trunk;
The elephant sneezed,
And got down on his knees,
And that was the last of the
Monkey—monkey—monkey—monkey—monk—"

Just then whir-r-r-r-r an automobile came behind them and Kate and Nell reared and stepped sideways.

"Steady, girls!" yelled John, "are you going to let a Jitney send you to the hossespital?"

Jimmy grinned with delight at his father's joke.

"How would you like a Jitney, Jimmy?"

"Oh, Papa, get a big one, won't you?"

"Sure, boy—have to, with our family."

His thoughts went happily to the surprise he meant to make Millie soon. The crops had not been as good as he had expected —barley a loss, potatoes ditto, but wheat and hay had made good. He had hoped for a high class car, but a Jitney would serve the purpose. He had the money saved for the Jitney, and the time was ripe to make known his surprise. Tomorrow he would go to Twin Falls and look at cars—

So he mused until the big gate of his farm was reached. As he drove in, seventeen-year-old Doris came running to meet him, her cheeks, usually pink, quite pale, and her eyes frightened. John recognized that something was wrong, and reined in the horses.

"Oh, Papa, Mama fainted while you were gone, and I sent for Dr. Snow—Tom Jones went in his automobile. And, Papa, Dr. Snow says mother must have a complete change, or—or—" the tears welled into the girl's eyes.

John answered nothing, but hastened to put the team in the barn and go at once to his wife. Millie was feeling better, and tried to smile at their insistence that she was to have a change at once.

"There's no place I would be as happy as here," she demurred.

"You are going to your sister Virginia. It will be a complete change from an Idaho farm to a city like Denver."

Millie felt that she could not consider it, but as the day wore on and she considered the weight of the many unescapable tasks her tired body suggested at length, "It would be good to have a change. It would be good to go some place and see something else than just shanties and hills and mountains and alfalfa and wheat; and wear some good clothes and have a rest. Perhaps if I go for a short time I won't feel so snappy with the children when I come back. Poor little things, I can hardly bear to have them touch me, and when they cry and fuss with each other it nearly drives me frantic."

The succeeding days were filled with a new kind of excitement. With Doris' help Millie was selecting her "trousseau," as Beth was pleased to call it, having just picked up the word from a story she was reading. After the order had gone East, Millie began getting ready for Cousin Alice. Up in the garret she began. As she worked she looked at everything through Cousin

Alice's eyes. The great box of old shoes, accumulation of years, was sorted. Good shoes and rubbers were hung in pairs on nails where an observer could see at once what was desired instead of raking out onto the floor a miscellaneous assortment of mismates, which were left, of course, for Millie to pick up and pile back into the box. All the worn out shoes Millie burned guiltily. She had been keeping them all these years for fear John might need a leather strap to put on a barn door. John had never once required such an article.

Next she tackled the case of books reaching almost to the ceiling, over which hung a gigantic old couch cover to keep the dust out. When she lifted this, Millie's heart sank at the nightmare which confronted her. She had never had the heart to destroy a book; worthy or worthless but there they were, piled and packed as closely as possible, a most disorderly collection. What would Cousin Alice say?

Resolutely Millie took them out, one by one—*Gregg's Short Hand,* studied when a girl; twelve once semi-popular novels; a treatise on the elimination of the cotton boll weavil (so appropriate for an Idaho ranch!) *How to raise Rabbits.* (When the problem of this country was how to destroy them fast enough.) *The Body Beautiful,* a set of exercises. (Poor Millie, who had so much exercise from morning until night that she had no time to beautify her body.) Books and books and books which might possibly somewhere in the world be of use, but which were here only cluttering up the garret and making house-cleaning horrifying.

Both the living-room stove and the kitchen stove were soon raging furnaces. For the first time in her life Millie was burning books, and after the first shock of vandalism was over she looked around for new worlds to conquer, the scent of the battle luring her into new fields. She must not give offense to Cousin Alice. Everything must be spick and span with all the unnecessaries cut out. After she finished the bedrooms she thought she would rest before tackling the downstairs by doing the children's summer sewing. That was the way Millie had always taken her rest on the farm—by beginning a new job.

The baby was cross and insisted on getting into her lap while the twins were thrusting their fingers under the sewing-machine needle and into the wheel when John came into the house looking for his gloves.

"I thought you sent for your clothes."

"I did; but I must get the children ready for Cousin Alice."

"Don't they have children's clothes in the catalogues?"

"Yes, but they cost so much at the side of what I can make them for."

"It will cost more than any clothes out of a catalogue if you get sick. You make out an order." I made enough money this year for everything you want."

And thus the automobile began to vanish entirely out of sight. It was a disappointment. John couldn't hide that fact from himself. All the men who had come to this section of Idaho at the time he had, were now owners of automobiles, and John had so counted on doing likewise this year. But Millie came first. What was an automobile at the sight of that gritty little woman who had shared his hardships from the first, though she had never set foot on a farm before? John would gladly ride in the old white-top to town all the coming year for her sake.

Doris and her mother had another delightful session reading descriptions in the catalogues and looking at the pictures.

"Here is just the thing for Bobby, Doris; striped blue and white seersucker rompers—"

"But isn't that more expensive than the chambray, Mama?"

"I must get the children's clothes ready for Cousin Alice so that she will not have much ironing to do. I have got to plan everything to make it as easy as possible for her."

As soon as the order was in the mail, Millie began the downstairs cleaning. She did all those things of which she had dreamed for years, but never seemed to find time to do; made new, pretty cretonne curtains, and cushions, cleaned the sideboard of the collection of family treasures. "Family Trash," Doris called it, disgustedly, although that did not hinder her from contributing to the general disorder. John and the children protested, and Millie would not have had the heart to do it even though it cost her many weary dustings, had she not been getting ready for Cousin Alice. But she did feel a sense of relief as she gazed upon the smooth, white sweep of the side-board cover interrupted only by a cut-glass bowl, a coffee percolator, and some silver goblets which her mother had left her. After all, it was not the proper repository for John's pipe that forever belched ashes over everything, Jimmy's battleship, the twin's much battered dolls, Doris' book, Beth's box of colors, and even Millie's button basket.

When it was firmly insisted upon it was remarkable how soon the family got into the habit of *not* putting everything on the sideboard. Millie realized that if she wanted to save her family many a little heartache after Cousin Alice came she must check all such misplacements and train her family to make themselves as little trouble as possible to Cousin Alice.

When her "trousseau" came Doris and Beth were as elated as if it had been for them. "Now, Mama," said Doris, "I must shorten this skirt a little. You are only thirty-seven and I will

not have you look like sixty. Doesn't she look pretty in that, Beth? But I must teach her how to do her hair. Why, Mama, I have been neglecting you. Who would ever have thought that our little Mama could look so sweet in anything? You haven't had a new dress in six years, have you, Mama? I am so glad you can have this trip. From now on until you go, Mama, you must wear canvas gloves whenever you do anything. I am going to get your hands pretty to go with your pretty clothes. There is no sense in your looking old and frumpish. Papa, come here!"

After some urging and dragging on Beth's part John stood in the doorway and beheld his wife, cheeks pink and hair fluffy in the pretty plum-colored dress. "Why, Mama!" he said in frank pleasure. "It's worth a car to see you look like that once again! We've been cheating ourselves. Girls, we are not going to let our pretty Mama get old, are we?" And John, without any urging on Beth's part, crossed the room and took the plum-colored dress in his arms and brought the love-light into his wife's eyes with the tender kiss he gave her. "I feel better already!" she murmured against his cheek. So much for the power of a new dress. Who can calculate the good that it may do in the world?

The day came for them to part. Cousin Alice had been delayed, but Doris with John's help was to tide the family over the week between Millie's leaving and Cousin Alice's coming. Millie's trunk was packed, and all was in readiness. But had a stranger entered that home he would have suspected that the family was in readiness, not for a desired trip, but for some dire misfortune. Gloom was over all, even the twins seemed to sense the situation and clung to Millie without intermission. She wanted them to do so, for now that the parting was close at hand she had no desire whatever to push the little fingers away. How she loved them! How could she bear to have any other person minister to their wants? How could she be so hard-hearted as to forsake good little blue-eyed Bobby for any reason whatever?

They were all seated around the table that last night. John was pretending to read, but his heart was heavy within him. Doris had her mind but partly on her book, while Beth and Jimmy made no pretenses of the fact that they were leaning against mother's knees as long as it was possible to do so. Millie sat idly running her fingers through their hair and over their smooth cheeks. Nobody was thinking of anything but that on the morrow mother would be gone for a long time.

An automobile stopped at the gate, and a few moments later came a knock on the door. "Come in, Dr. Snow, you are just in time to say goodbye to my wife. It took some little time to get

her off because she was determined to leave everything in perfect shape for her Cousin Alice, but she goes tomorrow."

Dr. Snow regarded her keenly. "You are looking much better, Mrs. Woodbury. What have you been doing to yourself?" There was surprise in his voice.

"Just getting ready to go, Doctor. But I have had such a good time doing it. I didn't have a bit of trouble, and for the first time since we came on the farm I have things as nearly the way I want them as can be. Every drawer is in order, every button on, everything clean. Why, I could keep house here myself with less trouble than ever before. You see Cousin Alice is very particular, and I have been breaking my family of some of their bad habits so as not to annoy her."

"Have you had any headaches since that one you called me for?"

"Not a headache, Doctor. I have been too busy and happy to be sick—Doctor, don't you think I could stay here instead of going?"

"No, Millie," John interposed quickly, "Dr. Snow knows what is best for you."

"Oh, I don't know," said Dr. Snow, "Mrs. Woodbury is looking so much better since I saw her last. I know a good girl you could get, Woodbury, and it wouldn't cost you as much as the trip would. Only, you must promise to get her out at least four times a week, with not more than one child at a time with her."

"Is it wise, Doctor?" John was pathetically eager.

"Perfectly. Getting ready for Cousin Alice," the doctor smiled, "has done her a world of good. Now, if you can let her enjoy the fruits of her labors instead of having Cousin Alice enjoy them, I really believe that it will do her more good to remain here than go away from her family where she might worry about them. Provided, of course, you will make her go out often."

"Oh, we will, Dr. Snow!" Doris could restrain herself no longer, but ran around the table to hug her mother, "Mama's got a lot of pretty new clothes that I know she is just dying to show the people out here. Anyway I am dying to have her. I just won't let her mope at home any longer. From now on I am mother to the babies."

The glad tears were in Millie's eyes. All these evidences of love touched her deeply, for John was regarding her with adoration, Jimmy and Beth were clinging to her with all their hearts, while Doris threatened to squeeze the breath out of her.

"I thought Mrs. Woodbury had gone, when I came out," said Dr. Snow, "I understood in town that she had done so. What I came to see you about, Woodbury, was that I have bought

me a big new Franklin. How would you like to buy my Jitney?"

"Oh, I'd like it all right—but I might not be able to do so just now."

"That's all right. Your word is good. You can have it on your own terms. Come out in the morning and get it. Then you will be sure of getting your wife started going out tomorrow. When she gets to whirling around in the Jitney you won't be able to keep her at home. On the way back you can bring that girl I spoke of—she is living at the Gorry ranch. Big, strong, capable. Know you'll like her. That Jitney's yours, so expect you in the morning." The doctor was gone.

John sank on his knees beside Jimmy and Beth, and put one arm around his wife and the other around the two children. Doris and he smiled into each other's eyes.

THE HIGHEST SALARIED POSTMISTRESS IN AMERICA

She is the highest salaried woman "postmaster" at Tampa, Fla., the first woman ever assigned head of a $6,000 post office!

Further, Mrs Elizabeth D. Barnard, "postmaster" at Tampa, Fla., the woman who holds this distinction, has traveled in less than twenty years from a $4 a week job in a hardware store to the position she now occupies.

Here is her story.

Born in a rural district of Florida in 1881, she found herself at the age of 24 a widow with two small children to support and educate and no income with which to do it. She had been reared in the country schools of the undeveloped country of Florida and had little opportunity for an education that would prove an asset in helping her to make a living. It was not a question of picking and choosing jobs. She knew that she must take any job she could find, and in the little town of Arcadia, Fla., she finally secured employment as clerk in a hardware store at $4 a week. She did not rail at fate, but set to work to make herself worth more, spending all her spare time taking a correspondence course in stenography. As soon as she felt sufficiently sure of herself she took and passed the examination for post office clerk at Tampa. She was appointed at a salary of $600 a year. this was the entering wedge to her real success. She has been connected with the Tampa postoffice for seventeen years, and has gone from clerk to private secretary, to confidential clerk, to cashier to foreman of inquiries, to assistant superintendent of mails and finally to postmaster. Her position of assistant superintendent of mails has always before been held by a man, as has the position of postmaster in an office in the $6,000 grade.

—New York Sun.

Pa and Ma

By Lula W. Bowler

Homesick? Yes, I've got it bad!
Hain't been home for 'most two years
En' it makes a person sad,
En' he can't keep back the tears.
Got a fam'ly sure enough,
But that don't matter, not a straw,
I'm lonesome fer the dear old home,
En' and I want my pa and ma.

Birds a' singin' here 'tis true,
En' the air is soft and sweet;
Sky is brightest springtime blue
En' there's frogs in their retreat.
But that don't help, no, not a bit;
You can't sing and laugh, ha, ha,
When yer hearts ez heavy ez lead
En' you want yer pa and ma.

I've got friends ets true and good
En' I like 'em sure I do;
They'd do anything they could
Fer to make me feel less blue.
But they can't help, no, not a bit,
When yer heart is sore and raw
The only salve that's sure to cure
Is just ta see yer pa and ma.

Life has cares an' troubles, too,
Et you got ta meet each day;
'Tain't no matter what ye do
They're sure comin' 'round your way.
But you can stand a lot in life
While yer daily breath ye draw,
If, when you get darn lonesome,
Ye can see yer pa and ma.

But, then, 'course you can't expect
'Et you'll always have yer way,
So ye just as well reflect
That there'll be a judgment day.
En' you'd best prepare to meet it,
Keep yer deeds within the law
So that when ye pass deaths portals
Ye can see yer pa and ma.

A Half Century of Educational Progress

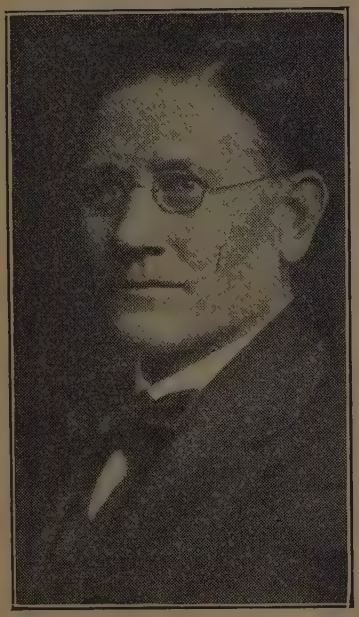
Education has been a passion with the Latter-day Saints. This is true because eternal progress, according to their idea, is dependent in a large measure on both intellectual and spiritual attainments. In order to carry into the lives of the young people of the Church, the opportunities for a broad and well rounded education, the Church school system was established.

Next year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Brigham Young University, the parent church educational institution. For nearly half a century that institution, under the direction of such able educators and inspirational leaders as Karl G. Maeser, Benjamin Cluff, George H. Brimhall, and Franklin S. Harris, has been moulding the characters and directing the early activities of thousands of young men and women who have become some of the most prominent leaders in various ways in the intermountain region. Training for service and leadership has always been the aim of the institution.

Although the Brigham Young University is a Latter-day Saint institution, its doors have always been open to young people of every faith who have been willing to abide by the regulations of the institution. The policies of the Brigham Young University have always been so broad and liberal that the institution has been accepted as one of the great universities of the West. In fact, some of the best educators both East and West, have, in the past, at various times, identified themselves with the institution and have been so pleased with conditions that existed there that they have freely recommended the school until today the Brigham Young University is a members of some of the most exclusive College Associations in America. The work done at the parent Church school is of such a high character that inspectors from East and West have recommended that it be accepted at par in any of the larger institutions.

During the past two summers such well known educators as Dr. Charles E. Rugh, of the University of California; Dean Frederick E. Bolton, of the University of Washington; Dr. Charles Abram Ellwood, of the University of Missouri; Dr. Henry C. Cowles, of the University of Chicago, and other noted men have been regular teachers on the faculty of the institution. This coming summer such eminent men as Dr. David Snedden, professor of Education of Columbia University and a world famed authority on education; Dr. Henry C. Cowles, plant ecologist of the University of Chicago; Dr. Walter R. Smith, professor of

Educational Sociology, University of Kansas and president of the National Association of Sociology; Dr. Raymond L. Frandson, professor of Education, Dr. Merritt Y. Hughes, professor of English, and Dorothy B. Nyswander, all of the University of California, will be regular members of the faculty of the institution

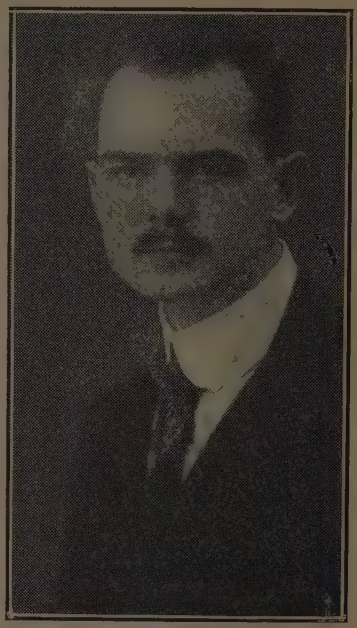


DR. DAVID SNEDDEN
Professor of Education, B. Y. U.
Summer School

and will give regular courses for graduate and undergraduate credit. Besides these eminent faculty members there will be a number of other world characters on the lecture staff.

The Brigham Young University, as few institutions are able to do, keeps its finger upon the pulse of the inter-mountain region with the one idea in mind of being able to offer the particular

type of work that will be best suited to the needs of the people of its own territory. Service—complete and full—is the one slogan of the administration. Knowing that the people of the inter-mountain west are rather unusually interested in scriptures and religion, the institution has in the past brought such able



DR. MERRITT Y. HUGHES
Professor of English, B. Y. U.
Summer School

iterpreters of the Bible and religious thought as Charles E Rugh and Charles Abram Ellwood into its teaching force in order that world ideas of these great subjects might be had first hand. This summer Dr. Adam S. Bennion, one of the most inspirational and well trained interpreters of the Church, will teach courses in Bible literature. These courses will be of added interest because

they will have behind them the Latter-day Saint background.

To meet the needs of the inter-mountain school teacher a complete demonstration school will be established. In this school, which will be under the direction of Professor L. John Nuttall, a man of wide experience as a teacher and supervisor, various methods can be tried and difficult problems settled. This school will embrace all grades from the Kindergarten to the Junior High School.

The Brigham Young University, on account of its work in education, is coming more and more to be recognized as a very important educational labaratory. The site of the institution was selected because of its location in the heart of the state where it could be readily accessible to all, for in spite of all other conditions, statistics show that geography plays an important part in the educational progress of men, and the center of population according to U. S. statistics is in Utah county. A difference of only ten dollars in fares often times means the difference between groduating from college or dropping out during the high school period.

The natural features surrounding Provo, too, determined to a large degree the site of the parent Church institution. The adjacent magnificent mountains, rivers, and lakes all afford, so the founders thought, ideal opportunities for nature study and recreation. When we remember that of all the well known artists of Utah, a large percentage have been reared in Utah county under the influence of those mountains, lakes, and streams, and consider that a large portion of "Wild Life in Utah," the picture produced to advertise Utah's Great Outdoors was photographed within a very short radius of the Brigham Young University, it seems that their judgment has been vindicated.

That the work of their institution is being appreciated by the people is indicated by the gradual growth of the enrollment. The 1924 Summer school is expected to be one of the best ever offered at the institution and one of the largest from point of enrollment.

Our Thanks

The March issue of the *Young Woman's Journal* published a very much appreciated article under the caption of "Tributes to the Relief Society in Honor of the 82nd Anniversary of Its Organization." The Relief Society very greatly appreciates this tribute from the organ of the young women of the Church, for we feel sure that cooperation, not competition, is a fundamental law of growth. We are striving constantly to identify the interests of mother and daughter outside of the home and this is a step in the right direction.

We are more than appreciative, indeed, we are deeply touched, by the tribute of President Martha Horne Tingey. It is just such intimate accounts that comprise our living history and that will embalm the ideals of the past to a time beyond the time in which we now are living. Sister Tingey's mother, M. Isabella Horne, was one of the pioneers of the Relief Society work, and she impressed its importance upon her daughter. Deep seated impressions of this nature, to which God has added his blessings, have helped materially to carry the work forward to its present hour of fulfillment.

We appreciate, also, the tributes from Tooele, Blackfoot, Sevier, Juarez, Weber, and Blaine stakes. These voices come from distances far apart, but they are of one accord, for they speak of the helpfulness of the organization in relieving distress of whatever name or nature it may be.

The present year is a year in which we have felt greatly favored because of the kindness of those with whom we are associating and cooperating. At Christmas time there was a veritable deluge of messages of good will from the stakes and missions. The issue of the *Magazine* had gone too far to include our thanks for Christmas and New Year greetings, in the January issue, consequently, we let it pass until such time as seemed favorable for the recognition of other courtesies. This seems to be the appropriate time.

As we go to press the General Board is in receipt of an invitation to attend a banquet, given by the stake presidents, in its honor, at the Hotel Utah, Thursday, April 3, at 7 p. m. The details of the banquet will follow in the next issue.

Something to Think About

By Dr. Heber J. Sears, Head of Department of Hygiene
University of Utah

THE THYROID GLAND

In our last article we talked about the mystery of the glands —their influence on intellectuality, personality and body growth. We merely hinted at the important role played by the thyroid gland. Let us now go into the study of that interesting gland more thoroughly.

We mentioned two periods of life where body growth is exceedingly rapid—the prenatal period and the period of adolescence.

During the prenatal period the things that circulate in the mother's blood go into the building of the child that is being carried under her heart, and nothing whatever can go into the building of the unborn child that is not in the mother's system. During this period the mother is called upon to give up bone material from her bones, blood from her blood, gland material from her gland, etc.

If the mother's system is deficient in calcium or lime salts, during pregnancy, the child's teeth will be brittle and the bone structure correspondingly poor. In the same manner, if the mother's thyroid gland is deficient in iodine during pregnancy, the child may either be born a cretin, or it may develop goiter early in life. In other words, the mother cannot give to her child that which her own system does not contain any more than a builder can put lime, brick or stone into a building unless he has these things with which to build.

If the great significance of this one principle alone could be fully impressed upon every mother we should soon be breeding a superior race.

Adolescence is the second period of rapid growth. Here again, the thyroid gland is taxed to its utmost—especially in girls.

Coincident with this special activity due to rapid growth, to the awakening of the emotions or to the bearing of offspring, the thyroid gland increases in volume, but if continuously supplied with a minute quantity of iodine it faithfully performs its function, insuring mental and physical vigor.

Over-activity or under-activity of the thyroid gland usually causes it to enlarge, and when it is enlarged we say its owner has goiter. This disease is more prevalent among women than among men.

Goiters are of two general kinds—simple and toxic, or poisonous. Unless treated, simple goiter sometimes develops later into toxic goiter.

In toxic, or poisonous goiter the patient is nervous and irritable. There is muscular tremor, and although the appetite is excessive, there is weakness and usually great loss in weight.

It is now pretty definitely established that simple goiter is due to an iodine deficiency or lack of certain chemicial elements found mostly in sea water, and known in chemistry as halogens. These elements are iodine, chlorine, bromine, and flourine. Of these, iodine seems most important to the thyroid. Absence in the diet, and in the drinking water, of these chemical elements which the ocean yields abundantly causes disturbances in the thyroid and probably in other glands.

Goiter is not a sea shore disease. The goiter areas are those far removed from the ocean, that is they are inland districts. In the United States goiter is most prevalent in the regions of the Great Lakes and the Pacific Northwest.

It is gratifying to be able to state that most of our goiter is simple goiter and the magic word is prevention. One leading authority stakes his reputation on the statement that "Simple goiter is the easiest known disease to prevent."

The prevention of simple goiter, in goitrous regions consists in the giving of a very minute quantity of iodine to the expectant mother all through the period of pregnancy and in carrying out a similar treatment among the young until they reach the age of seventeen or eighteen.

Let no one, however, from what has just been said, undertake self-treatment for goiter, by the use of iodine. Iodine in goiter is like a two-edged sword and should be administered only by a competent physician after a careful study in each case, because there is one type of poisonous goiter in which iodine is extremely harmful.

The goiter problem is one of great economic and sociologic importance, because it has a bearing upon the physical and mental well-being of the race.

As stated in our last article, it is estimated that, in the United States, some forty million dollars is wasted annually on retarded school children—in re-teaching what they have already been taught but have failed to learn. Just how much of this dullness is due to goiter has yet to be determined.

During the past half century all the sciences have had a new birth, but in no line of endeavor have we achieved more brilliant conquests than in the field of preventive medicine. As a result of the achievements in this field the average age at death, in the United States, is now about twice what it was some

sixty years ago. Our newer knowledge of goiter and its prevention is an acquisition of the last decade.

Among the names of those deserving immortality for their work of human service in this field are Dr. David Marine, of New York City, whose research work gave us a safe and sure method of prevention. Dr. O. P. Kimball of Cleveland, Ohio, who initiated the preventive treatment in the public schools, and Dr. E. C. Kendall who demonstrated the relationship of iodine to the physiology of the thyroid.

While our knowledge of goiter is yet far from perfect, the researches of the past decade have thrown a flood of light on the problem, and the spectacular results already attained form a most brilliant page in the recent annals of preventive medicine.

Lest some of our readers should become unnecessarily alarmed by the flaming headlines that have recently appeared in some of our newspapers about the prevalence of goiter in Utah, let us say that our next article in the *Relief Society Magazine* will quiet some of these fears. Watch for it.

Mother Dear

By Carrie Tanner

How precious to us all is mother dear!
Enfolded in her wealth of love we live.
When joy or depths of sorrow hover near,
We crave the comfort she alone can give.

How sweet the tones of her soft lullaby!
The earnest prayer she taught us by her knee,
The good-night kiss, her watchful presence nigh,
Still linger in our loving memory.

How soon are gone our happy care-free days!
But lessons taught by mother still remain
To guide us in our thoughts and in our ways,
That blessings rich, eternal, we may gain.

How great the debt we owe to mother dear!
Then let us in return our love bestow,
And show our worth in actions that bring cheer,
And thus make bright her rich life's sunset glow.

In that Life that Never Ends

Dedicated to those stricken of their loved ones at the great holocaust at the Castle Gate Mine, March 8, 1924

By Josie E. Childs

"Heavens broad day hath o'er us broken
Far above earth's span of sky;
Are we dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that we have ceased to die."

We have left you for a season,
But our presence you will feel,
When you seek for consolation,
At the "Throne of Grace" you kneel.

School thy feelings, wife and mother,
Though the clouds obstruct thy way,
Father's tender care is o'er you
Bringing solace day by day.

In the great and holy temples
There is work for you to do,
That will bring sweet joy and comfort
While this sorrow you pass through.

You can do a work for many,
And the ones you love so dear;
There are times the veil is lifted
And you feel their presence near.

Time is passing, Oh, so quickly,
When again you meet your friends,
And the loved ones rudely taken,
In that life that never ends.

The Psalmist David, A Modern Singer

By H. R. Merrill, B. Y. U.

"Long ago, in Jerusalem, there was a pool called Bethesda. In our Bibles we find a quaint folk story of the life-giving power of this pool. From time to time an angel 'troubled the waters,' and then the sick and the infirm who went down first into the pool were healed of their infirmities.

"Poetry is like the Pool of Bethesda. Until they have been plunged into eddies of rhythmical and imaginative beauty, many human intellects are, to a certain extent, sick and infirm."

Marguerite Wilkinson, in her helpful interpretive book, *New Voices,* from which the above quotation was taken, declares that after a period of rest, the Pool of Poetry has been troubled again and that those who wish to be made whole spiritually may bathe at will in the flood of new poetry that is sweeping over the world and especially over the United States. Then in a few enlightening chapters she spreads the pool of poetry before us and tells us in a delightful manner how to dive in: or, to state it even better, she leads us into the rising flood that sweeps around us in refreshing eddies and makes us feel that today's singers, after all, are in tune with the infinite stream of poetry that has gone before.

The new poet, however, does not work in the same way or with the same materials that some of the earlier poets used. He refuses to shackle his thoughts with a rhyme and meter that make his soul yearnings and burnings jig along in a literary goose-step. He, following the lead of Walt Whitman, "sounds his yap over the roofs of the world;" he, instead of cutting out a pattern of rigid, formal lines into which he must fit the great thoughts of his soul, bursts out into rhapsody. But that is not all. The modern poet loves his words more than his meters and his rhymes. He gathers into his words all the beauty, the suggestiveness, the appropriateness, the appeals, at his command.

This dissertation, however, was not intended as a criticism or interpretation of modern poetry. I set out to show that the "One Hundred and Fourth Psalm" is a truly great poem after the order of the great poems of modernity. I brought Marguerite Wilkinson into the discussion merely to prove my point. I must use her again in order to make the point I am going to make a bit more clear.

She says, "To any poet who holds his vocation in honor,

words are sacred. The poet must use words to make truth and beauty communicable. He must use them to share life bountifully and richly. Therefore, he must have a sense of the sacredness of words and it is worth while to remember that St. John, the beloved, who was no mean poet, used 'The Word' as the symbol of the Son of Man, who was to him also the Son of God."

Again, "To any poet worthy the name, words are alive, and must be treated with the reverence due all living things. In the best poetry of recent years we have what Miss Monroe calls 'an individual, unstereotyped diction, due to the poet's ideal of simplicity and sincerity.'"

According to Mrs. Wilkinson, the diction of poetry has passed away, the best poetry now is made up of the words of life that clothe best the thought.

I think I shall quote in full here Anna Hempstead Branch's beautiful little poem, *Her Words,* which sums up for me much that I have been trying to say and would say further if space would permit:

HER WORDS

My mother has the prettiest tricks
Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine
Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
To hear her stories grow.

And if she goes to make a call
Or out to take a walk
We leave our work when she returns
And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things were so
Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes
Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness
Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are.

And now we arrive at the One Hundred Fourth Psalm. It seems to me that King David, Israel's sweet singer, loved his words as avidly as does the most ultra modern singer:

THE WORLD WITHOUT

Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire.

Except for the archaic words which are used sparingly by the moderns, this stanza is modern in its simplicity of diction. The imagination may catch hold of David's "picture words" and build some interesting vistas.

"Thou art clothed with honor and majesty,"

A suggestive line that draws an imaginary picture of God and his glory. The next line adds to the spectacle.

"Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment,"

Here we see the God of Jesus pictured. Of him Jesus said, "God is light, in him there is no darkness at all."

Go out on a blue, spring day and lie on the back, facing upward, with the next line running through your mind, and see how simply, yet how effectively, David has expressed what you see:

"Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers,"

As I read that line I can fancy David lying in an apple

orchard, trees loaded with blossoms, while all around are growing mints, and blossoming shrubs, and trees and flowers; and then, as I read the last line, I fancy the scene changed, lightning flashing and thunder roaring and winds shrieking. I can even fancy a mighty tree crashing to the ground smitten with terrible lightning.

"Who maketh winds his messengers,
His ministers a flaming fire."

As I go through this wonderful poem from line to line and from stanza to stanza picturing in my imagination the things the Psalmist mentions, I can but be carried along on the wings of David's emotion until at last I cry with him from the depths of my own being:

"O, Lord, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches!"

And then, when I have read to the end the bounties of the Lord, the refrain of the Psalmist comes from a full heart:

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul! Hallelujah."

Read the poem, allowing your imagination full sway, and you will feel as you have never felt before, perhaps, that a great poet and prophet has been at work here. I am quoting it all in the form used by Dr. Richard G. Moulton. The words in some instances may be slightly different from the words of your King James, for this is from a revised version, but the thought is the same and the form is the same:

THE WORLD WITHOUT

Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire.

Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains,
At thy rebuke they fled;

At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains:
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation,
They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:

That he may bring forth food out of the earth,
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are satisfied;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted:
Where the birds make their nests;
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house;
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.
Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships;
There is leviathan, whom thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.

These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
That thou givest unto them they gather.

Thou openest thine hand,
They are satisfied with good:
Thou hidest thy face,
They are troubled;
Thou takest away their breath,
They die, and return to their dust;
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created;
And thou renewest the face of the ground.

Let the glory of the Lord endure forever;
Let the Lord rejoice in his works;
Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.
Let my meditation be sweet unto him:
I will rejoice in the Lord.
Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL. HALLELUJAH!

BIG BUSINESS

Everything in these days is on the side of the woman who systematizes her household duties as persistently and inexorably as "Big Business" pursues its pet, efficiency, hunting down waste of motion as relentlessly as waste of money. For with all the outside demands upon her feminine talent and judgment and fruits of experience which modern woman has inherited, graduated into, as it were, it does not matter how unambitious she may be toward occupation outside her home, how resistant to outside recognition, she is bound to be swept out of her chosen backwater into the current of community affairs.

—*New York Sun.*

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

Hawaiian Mission

The interesting group in the accompanying picture is made up of Relief Society women of the Kauai Conference, with Elder Henry DeHaan, president of the conference. In the front row are the presidents of the various Relief Society branches in the conference, with Elder DeHaan at the right.

Relief Society meetings in Hawaii are conducted practically

the same as at home, except in a different tongue. The same good spirit prevails as does the same desire to be helpful to one another. One of the chief interests is the care of the sick and needy, and every effort is put forth to cover the needs along these lines.

Southern States Mission

President Grace E. Callis of the Southern States Mission writes:

"I am happy to report a substantial growth of the work and increasing development of the spirit of the work in our mission. We are keeping in mind the mission of the Relief Society as the Prophet Joseph Smith outlined it—to look after the wants of the

needy. There are several cases where the Relief Societies are clothing and feeding aged people whose better days are over and who have no one to support them. In addition to other activities, the sisters are making various articles such as quilts and clothing for the poor, and in one society they are making layettes for expectant mothers who are in distressing financial circumstances. They have helped sick elders, and are imbued with the spirit to alleviate pain, to remove want and to succor the distressed. Some of the members in the country are making pillows, pillow slips, dresser scarfs and other things for the new mission home. In branches where conference headquarters are located the Relief Societies have placed in the conference houses stoves, rugs, bedding, etc. They also help to buy pianos for the branches.

"When a conference of all the missionaries and the saints from the various parts of the conference is held, in the branches, the Relief Society sisters provide luncheon Saturday and Sunday. Sometimes two luncheons a day are served. This involves much labor and considerable expense, but is greatly appreciated by the visitors who come from distant parts to conference, and also by the missionaries.

"The Lamanite members in the Catawba Indian Nation, are doing very well in their Relief Society work. They make pottery and other novelties which they sell and thus raise considerable means. They do good in attending to the sick, and have wonderful faith.

"At the present time all the Relief Societies are officered by local sisters. They labor under unusual conditions and are therefore entitled to very much credit for their faithful labors. It is remarkable to note the development that takes place in the sisters who devote themselves to the Relief Society work. They become more efficient home makers, manage their children better and are able to cope more wisely with domestic duties."

Ogden Stake (Bound Magazines)

The Ogden stake has made a record with regard to preserving the *Relief Society Magazine* which is most praiseworthy and which is probably unique in ward organizations. Every ward organization in this stake has a complete set of the bound volumes of the *Relief Society Magazine,* including the *Relief Society Bulletin* which was published the year preceding the publicaton of the *Magazine,* and is counted as volume one.

Shelley Stake

A stupendous work in the matter of raising funds has been

accomplished in the Shelley stake during the last year and a half. A little over a year ago the stake president made a call on the eight Relief Societies for $1200 for the L. D. S. Hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho, and it was but a few weeks before the entire amount was raised and turned over. The stake Relief Society board was then asked to aid in making a payment on the ground for the stake tabernacle, and they assisted in the amount of $200. The next call was to assist the Blackfoot stake, the county, and other agencies in putting a county nurse in the schools, and $200 was raised for this purpose. (This project is explained in the January *Magazine.*) The accomplishment of this extra work, in addition to all of the regular activities of the organization, none of which have been neglected, speaks volumes for the energy and interest of the Relief Society women of Shelley stake.

Cottonwood Stake

Cottonwood stake is to be congratulated upon the health work it has accomplished during the last two years. Two permanent health clinics have been established by the Relief Society stake board and are open weekly for examinations and follow-up work. These clinics were organized and established for the purpose of assisting the mothers in the southern part of Salt Lake County with their child health problems, these women not being privileged to attend the Salt Lake City clinics. The Murray clinic was opened in January, 1922, and the Midvale branch clinic, in January, 1924. In 1923 the Murray clinic became affiliated with the Child Hygiene Bureau of the State Board of Health, and has since that time been a beneficiary of the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Act. These clinics are financed by the stake board with funds raised in various ways. The Murray clinic is open on Thursdays and the Midvale clinic on Wednesdays, of each week. Two or three stake board members are always in attendance in addition to two doctors, one trained nurse, and one nurse aid. The nurses (who are members of the Relief Society) and also the doctors give their services free. The permanency of these clinics and the regular weekly service gives opportunity for follow-up work which is such an important factor and doubles the value of the clinics. The mothers in this stake are most grateful for the help they are receiving and word has reached the ears of Mrs. Amanda Bagley, stake president, that they feel that their Relief Society has never done anything more important than helping them to keep their babies well. The Murray clinic record shows that in 1922 there were 126 children examined and 495 visits made to the clinic; in 1923, 176 children were examined and there were 620 visits to the clinic. So enthusiastic are the Cottonwood stake workers with their health program and the results they are obtaining, that they are now considering the propo-

sition of adding a field nurse to their present staff of workers, which will make professional home visiting possible.

Salt Lake County Stakes (Cottonwood, Ensign, Granite, Jordan, Liberty, Oquirrh, Pioneer, Salt Lake)

An interesting piece of work accomplished by the Salt Lake County stakes during the holiday season was the gift of warm outing flannel pajamas and night dresses to the tubercular division of the Salt Lake County hospital. There were in all four dozen pairs of pajamas and one dozen night dresses. After the gift was decided upon, a committee of two presidents was appointed to purchase the materials and arrange for the cutting. The Relief Society general office was the distributing and receiving center and in less than ten days the material was purchased, the sewing done, and the finished articles delivered to the County Hospital.

It is a well known fact that the State of Utah has made no provision for institutional care for the tuberculous. It is also known and understood that people afflicted with tuberculosis need specialized care which can not well be given in most homes. The Relief Society women of Salt Lake County, in their gift of warm bed clothing to the tubercular division of the Salt Lake County hospital, demonstrated their appreciation for the effort being made by the hospital to give the needed treatment and care to those who are afflicted with this dreaded but curable malady, many of whom through long illness and lack of care have exhausted their own resources and the resources of their families.

In order to insure regular, periodic, friendly visiting by the Relief Society, officially, at the County Infirmary, the Salt Lake County stakes are carrying out a joint program. Many Relief Society women go individually to the Infirmary to see individual patients, and Relief Society social workers are to be found there frequently in the interest of patients, but in the official visiting by the stakes, a large group of Relief Society women visit the patients as a group. They conduct a program, serve refreshments, and spend a social hour. There are other organizations in the city interested in the Infirmary, and at the holiday season, especially, entertainments and parties are arranged and carried out by other agencies.

Weber County Stakes (Mt. Ogden, North Weber, Ogden, Weber)

The Weber County stakes each devote one day a month to sewing for the Dee Hospital. The sewing is done at the institution, where a large room is provided, equipped with six sewing machines and other necessities for the work. The third week

in the month is used for this work, all stakes going the same week, but on separate days. North Weber stake sews on Tuesday, Weber on Wednesday, Ogden on Thursday, and Mt. Ogden on Friday. Each stake sends from six to twelve workers, who go to the hospital at 9 a. m. and work until 5 or 6 p. m. The hospital serves a mid-day luncheon. The group usually includes two or three stake board members, several ward officers and a number of members. The women make everything that is used in the hospital including sheets, pillow cases, operating aprons, towels, dresser scarfs, ether jackets and stockings, bandages, and baby clothes. Thousands of articles have been sewed or mended during the year. The following record will give an idea of the extent of the work and the rapidity with which it has been done: during a period of eight sewing days, six women made or mended 769 articles.

During 1923 the four stakes have co-operated in visiting officially the County Infirmary. A visit has been made to the institution every month which means three visits during the year from each of the four stakes. A program of music, readings, dances, etc., has been given each time, and refreshments served the patients. On Thanksgiving and Christmas, special music was provided and on Christmas there were personal gifts of boxes of candy and other dainties. In speaking of this activity, one stake president says:

"The County Infirmary visits have resulted in much good, not only to the patients but to all of those who have visited them. Many times the patients have expressed sincere appreciation for all that has been done for them. I have had several letters from patients who are unable to leave their beds and they say that no one took an interest in them until the Relief Society began this good work."

Western States Mission

Great success has attended the winter program of activities of the Western States Mission Relief Society, which is comprised of twenty-two active societies. The program has been carried out in accordance with the instructions of the General Board of the organization, yet it is gratifying to the officers of the mission societies to know that much of the success is to be attributed to the untiring efforts of the officers and the helpful co-operation of the members.

Prior to the Christmas holiday season several of the societies conducted bazaars, which were pronounced successful both socially and financially, and some of which netted the organization over $200. The proceeds of the entertainments were used

in defraying the expense for distributing Christmas baskets to the poor.

The societies have at all times assisted the other auxiliary organizations in their projects, and have helped in raising funds for the purchase of sacrament sets, in building additions to, and painting meeting-houses in the mission.

In addition to the distribution of clothing and necessities to the poor, the societies are preparing clothing to be used in maternity cases. This project, although in its infancy, will no doubt prove very helpful and beneficial, as the members of the organization are often called upon to give aid to expectant mothers.

Sister Florence R. Knight, president of the Mission Relief Societies, has recently organized a society at Fort Collins, composed of twelve ladies. Although the work is new, the members are anxious to begin their activities, and the society will no doubt meet with as much success as has its sister organizations.

As the seventeenth of March marks the 82nd anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society, the various societies throughout the Western States Mission prepared fitting entertainments in celebration of the occasion. This year's celebrations were even more successful and enjoyable than those of previous years.

Mother

By M. A. Stewart, Phoenix, Arizona

There is no one like mother,
No matter where we go;
There is on earth no other
Can take her place you know.
She has the panacea
For every ache and pain
And knows just what is needed
To make us well again.

She's always so forgiving
Of all the wrong we do,
Which makes us feel like living
Our lives both pure and true.
We hope to be more like her
When we are fully grown
And live a wise example
To children of our own.

We need the love of mother,
'Twill help to bridge us o'er
The gulf of sin's temptation
And strengthen us the more;
The kindly words of caution
That well up from her heart
Will give us hope and courage
To do life's noble part.

O mother! when we're tempted,
And strength 'twould seem must fail—
May God project thy vision
A-cross the luring trail!
Thy face so kind and pleading;
Thine eyes so calm and mild;
Shall give the soul the vict'ry
And save thine erring child!

Relief Society Annual Report
1923

Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

CASH RECEIPTS

Balance on Hand Jan. 1, 1923:			
Charity Fund	$ 30,311.89		
General Fund	87,933.58		
Wheat Fund	164,139.66		
Total Balance		$282,385.13	
Donations Received During 1923:			
Charity Fund	90,849.16		
General Fund	101,862.97		
Annual Membership Dues for General Board	10,360.58		
Annual Dues for Stake Boards	9,401.64		
Received for Wheat Sold	15,471.07		
Other Receipts	66,323.35		
Total Donations		294,268.77	
Total Balances on Hand and Receipts			$576,653.90

CASH DISBURSEMENTS

Paid for Charitable Purposes	$ 97,846.31		
Paid for General Purposes	108,896.17		
Wheat Fund Sent to Presiding Bishop's Office	117,093.21		
Paid Membership Dues to General Board	11,568.99		
Paid Dues to Stake Boards	11,002.83		
Paid for Other Purposes	46,741.80		
Total Disbursements		$393,149.31	
Balance on Hand Dec. 31, 1923:			
Charity Fund	32,221.09		
General Fund	98,601.56		
Wheat Fund	52,681.94		
Total Balances on Hand		183,504.59	
Total Disbursements and Balances on Hand			$576,653.90

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

ASSETS		
Balance on Hand Dec. 31, 1923:		
All Funds	$183,504.59	
Wheat Trust Fund at Presiding Bishop's Office	350,456.29	
Other Invested Funds	62,004.96	
Value of Real Estate and Bldgs.	235,585.56	
Value of Furniture and Fixtures	32,971.97	
Other Assets	25,165.96	
Total Assets		$889,689.33
LIABILITIES		
Indebtedness	2,349.15	
Balance Net Assets	887,340,18	
Total Liabilities and Net Assets		$889,689.33

STATISTICS

MEMBERSHIP			
January 1, 1923:			
Executive and Special Officers	8,705		
Visiting Teachers	17,691		
Members	29,036		
Total Enrolled		55,432	
Admitted Membership During Yr.		8,682	
Total Membership During Year			64,114
December 31, 1923:			
Executive and Special Officers	8,982		
Visiting Teachers	17,964		
Members	29,027		
Total or Present Membership		55,973	
Removed or Resigned		7,481	
Died		660	
Total Membership During Yr.			64,114
The Total Membership Includes:			
General Officers and Board Members	18		
Stake Officers and Board Members	1,020		

Number of Meetings Held	49,995
Average Attendance at Meetings	22,556
Number of Relief Society Organizations	1,356
Number of L. D. S. Families in Stakes	91,264
L. D. S. Women, Non-Members, Eligible	21,548
Number of *Relief Society Magazines* Taken	23,829
Number of Executive Officers Taking *Relief Society Magazine*	5,303

ACTIVITIES

Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Relief Society Officers	5,027
Number of Visits Made by Relief Society Visiting Teachers During Year	568,667
Days Spent with the Sick	53,126
Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound	160,614
Number of Families Helped	10,960
Bodies Prepared for Burial	2,568
Number of Days Spent in Temple Work	96,107
Used Clothing Contributed for European Relief	4 Carloads

(Note: In the foregoing report, all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS
1920—1921—1922—1923

	1920	1921	1922	1923
Paid for charitable purposes	$ 87,170.50	$ 90,872.35	$ 93,298.06	$ 97,846.31
Total or present mem'ship	48,204	52,362	53,412	55,973
No. of R. S. organizations	1,171	1,203	1,284	1,356
No. of *R. S. Magazines* taken	19,540	22,034	23,813	23,829
Days spent with the sick	56,598	54,907	61,174	53,126
Special visits to the sick	111,019	137,955	157,107	160,614
Families helped	5,782	7,152	8,193	10,960
Number of visits by stake R. S. officers to wards	4,734	5,364	5,361	5,027
Number of visits by R. S. visiting teachers during the year	391,204	512,998	495,159	568,667
No. days spent in temple work	61,213	65,016	80,512	96,107

PRESENT MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Stakes		Missions	
Utah	31,406	Missions in United States	2,751
Idaho	9,708	Canadian Mission	104
Arizona	1,946	Mexican Mission	150
Oregon	248	Australian Mission	16
Canada	1,137	European Mission	3,674
Mexico	201	Hawaiian Mission	861
Nevada	292	New Zealand Mission	498
Wyoming	1441	Samoan Mission	202
Colorado	432	South African Mission	27
California	537	Tahitian Mission	214
Total Membership in Stakes	47,348	Tongan Mission	128
		Total Membership, in Missions	8,625
Total Membership in Stakes and Missions			55,973

Teachers' Topic for July

The Pioneers

"That brave-souled band—Immortal Pioneers—
Their names? Go view them on the Golden Page,
The gift of glory to remotest age;
The van of civilization's westward sweep,
The few that sowed what millions yet shall reap."

A. Our obligations to the Pioneers.
B. Their vision and prophecy verified.

Articles of Faith

By Dr. James E. Talmage

It is not surprising to learn that a study of the *Articles of Faith,* by Dr. James E. Talmage, has met the needs of members of the Church so completely that the twelfth edition is now off the press and for sale at the Deseret News Book Store.

We learn that 57,000 copies of this book have been issued, which attests its popularity in no uncertain manner. Talmage's *Articles of Faith* is constantly used by students as a work of reference. We have been engaged a number of years in writing lessons for auxiliary organizations, and in assisting in the writing of lessons. During this time, no work of reference, outside of the standard works of the Church, has been used more continuously by us than the *Articles of Faith.* It will continue to meet the need of Latter-day Saint homes and schools.

Mothers' Day

By Florence Pyne Billings

It is mother's day tomorrow,
And I'm thinking dear of thee;
Though thy voice is hushed in slumber,
And your face no more I see.
Yet in memory I can see you,
Just as in the days of yore;
When with eager childish footsteps,
I would meet you at the door.
You would share my little troubles,
And would join the joyous bliss,
Of the little child that waited,
For that mother's love and kiss.

Many years have passed, dear mother,
Since I left my girlhood home;
And God above has blessed me,
With a family of my own.
And the love that I bestow them,
Brings each day more clear to me,
My duty as thy daughter
I can ne'er pay back to thee;
For of all the golden treasures,
None can pay thy tender care,
God could not always be with me,
So he placed a mother there.

And we feel it such a pleasure,
In the lovely month of May;
Just to meet and wear carnations
And to call it Mother's Day.
For the world has many heroes,
Some are old and some are young,
But just praises to the mother
In this world will ne'er be sung.
And as years roll by in number,
I will ever love thy name,
Though you sleep in silent slumber,
From the earth of care and pain.

And I hope in the near future,
We will choose some flower rare;
That will represent our fathers,
For both did do their share.
Though it's all so true to Mother,
Would she like to be alone
In all the praises given her?
For both did make our home.
Let's unite the day together
With carnations white and red,
For all of those who bless us here,
Or sleep among the dead.

MOTHER

I need the inspiration
Of the gentle words she spoke;
I need her faith to guide me
And to light my vagrant way;
The many prayers she offered,
I need them every day;
And how I long to live again
Those morning days of life,
So sweet with hours of gladness,
So dewed with pearls of joy.
But alas, they all have vanished
And I dream of them in vain,
But memory brings them back to me,
And all I know of her
Comes back in sweetest vision
On this dear Mothers' Day!

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Dr. Walter R. Smith, Kansas
Dr. Merritt Y. Hughes, California.
Dr. H. B. Wilson, Supt. of School, Berkeley, Cal.
Dr. Horace Secrist, Northwestern.
Dr. Raymond R. Frandsen, California.
Dr. Adam S. Bennion, Supt. Church Schools,
Dr. Henry C. Cowles, Chicago.
Dr. T. W. Galloway, New York.
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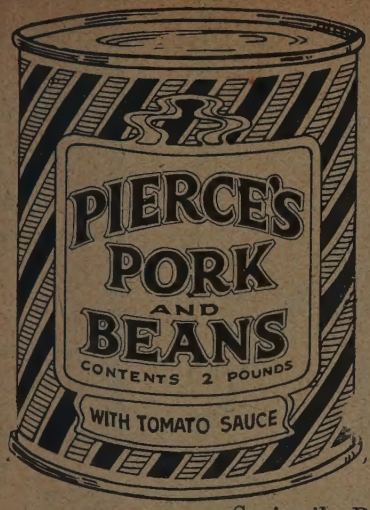

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It was unanimously decided at the October Conference by the officers and members present rather than raise the price of the magazine, we would ask the agents and friends for the present to secure subscriptions without the customary 10 per cent discount.

We call your attention to the fact that many of the subscriptions received so far have had the percentage deducted, which is not in accordance with the general understanding of the Magazine management and officers present at the conference.

Will you kindly give this matter your attention and give these facts as wide publicity as possible in order that the subscriptions which we receive hereafter, will be accompanied with the full amount of the price of the magazine, which is $1.00.

Sincerely,

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